

24 31 March
Wm. Garrison
1346 m 39

A N

EPISTLE

TO THE

LITTLE SATYRIST

O F

T W I C K E N H A M.

*Peras imposuit Jupiter nobis duas :
Propriis repletam vitiis post tergam dedit,
Alienis ante pectus suspendit gravem.*

*Hac re videre nostra mala non possumus :
Alii simul delinquant, Censores sumus.*

PHÆD.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILFORD, at the Three Golden Flower
de Lucas behind the Chapter-House in St. Paul's
Church Yard. 1733.

(Price, Six-Pence.)

AN
EPISTLE
TO THE
LITTLE SATYRIST

OF
T. W. A. C. K. E. N. A. M.

Printed for J. Widdow, at the Three Golden Flower
de Lucas behind the Chapter-House in St. Pauls
Church Yard. 1733.
Price, Six-Pence.



L O W D O W :

Printed for J. Widdow, at the Three Golden Flower
de Lucas behind the Chapter-House in St. Pauls
Church Yard. 1733.
(Price, Six-Pence.)



A N
E P I S T L E
T O T H E
Little Satyrift, &c.

BY Sleep deserted, when for Rest reclin'd,
What various Thoughts flow up and down
the Mind;
How ev'ry Action of the former Day
The next, to others that take Place, give way,
Which, calmly, for Successors still make Room,
'Till all, in one more solemn, find their Doom.
So have I seen the Main, from lofty Coast,
Rowl Wave on Wave, which still in Waves were lost;
Then gently calm, and in the End become,
From Millions, Thoufands, and from Thoufands, One.

Thus was I tofs'd, when on my Pillow laid;
Thus Thoughts, of what I'd done and what I'd said,
Of what I'd heard and seen, and what I'd read,
Rowl'd, each alternatively, in my Head;

'Till

'Till one more awful swallow'd all the rest,
 A Thought, that he who tastes is truly blest'd;
 'Twas moral Virtue thus that struck my Mind,
 Without it, if we seek, we ne'er shall find,
 A happy Life; how oft do Mortals place
 Their Joy in that wherein their Ruin lays!
 All are in Search of it, yet few are found
 Will even stoop to take it from the Ground.

Endu'd with Reason by a Pow'r supream,
 Why do Men shun what most they shou'd esteem?
 The Odds 'twixt Men and Brutes is plainly known,
 For Men have Reason, but the Brutes have none;
 And split that Reason from the human Mien,
 Less Brutes than Men will then the Beasts be seen.

The mental Faculties let no Man vaunt,
 They only serve to shew us arrogant,
 Unless with Virtue they are strictly join'd,
 Then justly they're esteem'd by all Mankind:
 But ununited make such Passions flow,
 As savage Breasts are utter Strangers to;
 By Reason govern'd, and from Passion free,
 Wou'd shew us human in the first Degree.

You

You were your Country's Pride and Pleasure born,
 Excell'd when e'en your Life was in its Morn,
 And young the Gift of Numbers was to you,
 Which still encreas'd with Age and as you grew,
 'Till to Perfection you at last arriv'd,
 Which none have e'er excell'd that ever liv'd;
 But let me ask with what you are endu'd?
 A Pow'r, that as you use it's bad or good;
 Because for Poetry your Taste is nice,
 D'ye think that you are free from ev'ry Vice?

There's nothing moves a Man's Compassion more,
 Than Man reduc'd who had been Great before;
 For you I feel that gen'rous Passion mov'd,
 So hated now, who once was so belov'd.

Who're unprejudic'd Opinion gives,
 Will own, you are excell'd by none that lives.
 Whence shou'd this universal Scorn abound,
 But from the Scandal that you scatter round?
 By Name uninjur'd to detract in Satire,
 I own gives shrewd Suspicion of ill Nature.

There's few at Home, if candidly they'd look,
 But wou'd find something worthy of Rebuke.

Satire your Weapon; if you will attack,
 Be careful that the Scandal don't fly back;
 For, as the Boy that shoots the haft'ning Ball,
 Thoughtless, against th' impenetrable Wall,
 In painful Anguish the Rebound may rue;
 In tainting Reputations, so may you.

You wear it only in a Land of Hectors,
Thieves, Super-Cargoes, Sharpers, and Directors:
 Then how cou'd *Timon* tingle in your Rhyme,
 Who no one ever charg'd with any Crime;
 Your Benefactor too, who all Men know
 Is Virtue's strictest Friend, and Vice's Foe;
 A Pattern to the Great, to all a Friend,
 Who all Men love, and All, but You, commend.
 * A kind Compassion prompts me to conclude,
 That *Timon's* Study you had never view'd;
 Not LOCK, nor MILTON, nor a modern Book,
 Has Truth your Tongue, or Sight your Eyes forlook?
 An English'd *Homer* there you might have found,
 Not b' *Aldus* printed, nor *du Sueil* bound,
 Which cost, a I have heard, *Five Hundred Pound.*

What can the Motive be that eggs you on?
 If Pride, won't Panegyrick fill a Song;

But

But Pride's a Passion of so ill Effect,
That Virtue ne'er can see but will correct.

If 'tis in Search of Happiness you'r bent,
Why don't you seek it in a calm Content;
'Tis there, and only there it will be found,
Altho' you search the Universe around:
But as the Sun's obscur'd by gloomy Clouds,
So Passions hide it from the tainted Crowds.
Ambition hurries Kings in Arms to roam,
Whilst Reason whispers, they've enough at Home.
The Miser's rich, and yet, for want of more,
He starves, 'cause he himself imagines poor.
The Mind that's ting'd with Envy, soon or late,
Is tempted to detract the Good and Great:
And he, where Malice guides the yielding Mind,
Wou'd ruin and undo all human Kind.
Malice and Hatred are of one Degree,
And join to terminate Society.
The angry Man's unguarded in his Deeds,
And, causeless, often wounds his Friend, or bleeds.
Malice and Anger do Revenge compose,
And blindly wou'd destroy both Friends and Foës.
To these add Pride, for she too needs must fall,
That haughty Dame's the Mother of 'em all.

Upon

Upon these Passions I have more enlarg'd,
 Because with these you are so loudly charg'd;
 Wou'd I cou'd vouch you absolutely free;
 But Virtue raises few to that Degree.

On th' imitated Satire 'twill suffice,
 To send you my Opinion and Advice.
 Abstract the Vice from Virtue it contains,
 And judge ye by the Virtue that remains.

First, let Ambition be th' impartial Theme,
 What Share that Vice may in the Satire claim;
 The Virtuous are what others wou'd be thought,
 What few Men are, but all Men know they ought.
To Virtue only, and her Friends, a Friend;
 But him so blest'd, to hear, it wou'd offend.
 For when that Virtue is indeed possess'd,
 It is in Silence, and the Owner's blest'd.

If thou'rt ambitious to be thought a Poet,
 Write Panegyrick, and the World will know it.

The next, in Turn, will Avarice remain;
 And 't has been urg'd, you write for odious Gain,
 And know that nothing but the rankest Satire
 Will sell, the Town's so poison'd with ill Nature.

From

From this sad Crime, pray Heav'n you may be free,
For what's so vile as Scandal for a Fee?

The envious Man can Virtue ne'er behold,
But with Distaste and Spleen that cannot hold:
Old *Æsop* tells us of a Toad that swell'd,
And burst with Envy, 'cause he was excell'd;
So you, th' impartial World contemptuous cry,
At your Superiours swell, and burst, and die.

Malicious you're accounted, 'cause a Rage,
They say, appears unjust in ev'ry Page;
'Tho' some first prove the Subject of your Spite,
The World conceives you hate 'em all alike.

To Anger prone you've own'd yourself before;
But touch me, and no Minister so sore:
'Tis natural, the Proverb does evince,
The Horse that's gaul'd when touch'd will surely wince.
Be always careful that your Anger be
From Pride, from Malice, and Ill-Nature free;
From them Men fancy was the *Dunciad* born,
A Mixture of Ill-Nature, Spleen, and Scorn.

From whence shou'd all these Passions flow but Pride?
And that I must accuse you of and chide.

You say, *impartially* your *Muse intends*
Fair to expose yourself, your Foes, and Friends:
 And Leaf by Leaf your Writings I have turn'd
 To find the Page wherein your Faults are mourn'd;
 Still self-blown Praise presents itself to View,
 As if Vice heard ye, trembled, and withdrew.

" *With Eyes that pry not, Tongue that ne'er repeats,*
 " *Fond to spread Friendships, but to cover Heats,*
 " *To help who wants, to forward who excell,*
 " *This all who know me, know, who love me, tell.*

Thus vainly your Opinion you belye,
 Lay Claim to Virtue, and your Vice deny.
 For he that's good shou'd start at ev'ry Wind,
 Of Vice be conscious, to his Virtue blind;
 Not think that *all the Din the World can keep*
Rolls o'er his Grotto and but sooths his Sleep:
 For he so lost will live, in endless Fame,
 An everlasting Monument of Shame;
 For if such horrid Spots as these appear,
 How does it prove *the Medium must be clear?*

F I N I S.

